

AT three o'clock this afternoon Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will arrive at the R.A.F. Station of Hurlingham to take the salute and to address the parade of the Wiltshire British Legion. It is expected that some 5,000 to 6,000 members of the Legion will be present.

The R.A.F. will muster 30 to 40 young and future pilots who will form the centre of the parade. With their salute they might be described as "The Young Guard and the Old Guard." After the parade is over ex-members, living in



Viscount Long of Wrexall

Wiltshire, of all the regiments and units of which the Queen Mother is Colonel-in-Chief will be presented. There will be representatives from the 7th Hussars, the 9th Lancers, the Queen's Bays, the R.O.Y.L.I., Beds and Herts, the Manchester Regiment, the Rough Riders and the R.A.M.C.

Mr. Cheeseby, chairman of the executive—a ranker with one leg—will lead the parade. Afterwards Her Majesty will take tea with some 500 members of the Legion.

For weeks Viscount Long of Wrexall has been working on this profit with all the enthusiasm and fanaticism of his exuberant nature. He wants the Legion, and especially the spirit of the Legion, to survive even though mechanisation and hydrogenics are reducing the human factor in war to a laboratory science.

The Queen Mother will be received by Lord Herbert, who is the Lord-Lieutenant, and the drumhead service will be taken by the Chaplain-in-Chief of the R.A.F. May the sun shine upon them!

Interpreter

CAPTAIN HENRY KERBY, the Tory M.P. who acted as interpreter during the lively visit of Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev to this country, has accepted an invitation to attend the Russian Youth

Festival in September. His wife will go with him.

Captain Kerby is a powerfully-built man with what might be described as immense but controlled vitality. As an individualist he refused to go into the Lobby in favour of the sale of the Trinidad Oil shares to the Texas magnates. But then he is not given to half-measures.

It is no secret that after much time spent behind the Iron Curtain his attitude towards Communism is this side idolatry. Nevertheless Moscow wants him to come as its guest and see the peaceful battalions of youth glorifying the accomplishments of the Soviet. Kerby may be reminded of those pre-war years when Hitler's doomed battalions of youth marched at Nuremberg to the innocent music of the Melstersingers, but he will be too polite a guest to point it out to his hosts.

No doubt Kerby will some day write a book—nearly everyone does—but he turned down fabulous offers resulting from the B. and K. visit to these shores.

Caterer in Chief

WE have not so many remarkable personalities these days in London that we can afford to pass unnoticed the death of John Searcy Physick at the age of 77. His profession and his hobby were one—he was the supreme caterer of British Society.

It might be a coming-out party for an unreluctant debutante, a dinner for an ambassador, or a ball in a country house, but he approached each one with the enthusiasm of a producer and the shrewdness of a psychologist. When the great night arrived, however, he remained in the background like a producer standing unobserved in the wings.

His family business was established by his grandfather in 1837, and Mr. Physick became the head of it in 1918. In the period that followed the Hitler war, when everyone agreed that social life would never be the same again, he contributed largely to the shaping and the restoration of dignity to social functions. In short, he had a genuine quality of dedication.

Part of his success was due to the varied activities of his youth. He was a boy chorister in the Chapel Royal and sang at the wedding of King George V in St. James's Palace. From this early training he

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imbibed the habit of old-world courtesy which survived many a crisis on the party front. He was, besides, a useful cricketer and a single-figure golfer.

It has been said that the centre of London is a village where everyone knows nearly everybody. In that spirit we who were his fellow villagers salute the memory of one who served us with the patience of the philosopher and the skill of the expert.

'Brab'

IT is good news to those of us who are addicted to golf that Sandwich is steadily recovering its old-time popularity. Nature never intended it to be a beauty spot and when the wind is in an angry mood

there is nothing to break its fury. But fortunately over Easter the sun was radiant and the atmosphere benignly calm.

One wonders what were the thoughts of Lord Brabazon of Tara (and Sandwich), as he heard the roar of the aeroplanes that take their exercise in that neighbourhood. He is, of course, the holder of the first flying certificate issued in this country—as someone once said, the first certified Englishman to take to the air.

But the immortal "Brab" has always been an innovator. In the House he astonished both sides by saying: "The encores of the Government reverberate throughout the country." It was also a happy moment in the House of Com-

mons when someone quite properly referred to Mr. Sydney Silverman as the honourable Member for Nelson and Colne and Brab remarked "That's not a constituency, it's a pub!"

Unfortunately when Russia was our ally in the war Lord Brabazon, at a luncheon of manufacturers, expressed some doubts about the benign influence that the Soviet would exert in the years to come. That virtually marked the end of his political career. He had been an individualist once too often, and was despatched to the Upper House.

Deauminster

ONCE more that pervading genius of Deauville—Monsieur André—has invited the

British Parliament to meet the French Parliament in the realm of sport. This is an annual week-end affair in which yachtsmen, golfers and lawn-tennis addicts engage in open-air competition during the day and in elaborate banquets at the Casino by night.

But the hospitality of M. André does not end with the politicians. British airmen and aircraft manufacturers are also on the list, and when the banquets are over the British, with their meagre allowance of francs, can be seen venturing as much as one mille on the red or the middle dozen at the roulette tables.

It may be that history was made last year when a Deputy, playing against an M.P., lost his ball on a putt. According to the record the Deputy topped his ball, which travelled right across the green and dropped into long thin grass. After a prolonged search the ball was abandoned and the match resumed.

Least there be any misunderstanding I must put on record that the British politicians personally pay the cost of travel and their incidental expenses, except of course the fabulous banquets. Altogether the grand affair has proved a happy idea and has played its part in a closer understanding between the men who govern, and sometimes misgovern, their respective countries.

And Brightlike?

BUT now comes the inevitable question—how can the British return the hospitality of M. André? At Brighton there is an admirable golf course and there are good hotels, but what would our guests do at night? It is difficult to imagine a Parisian Deputy taking undue delight in the robust vulgarities of peep-shows on the piers. As for roulette, or chemin de fer, or baccarat, the very words shock British respectability.

It would seem, therefore, that the inter-Parliamentary contest and festival must remain the property of France—a verdict which will be accepted with cheerful resignation by the perigrinating politicians of Westminster.

Duse at Verona

LAST week I described the vast open-air stadium of Verona where the best singers in the world, unaided by microphones, perform operas to the accompaniment of a reinforced orchestra and to an audience

of twenty-odd thousand people. This has brought an interesting letter from a Sunday Times reader:

"Atticus, in describing the appeal of the great open-air stadium of Verona, 'where Christians used to be thrown to the lions and where Mussolini harangued his followers,' omits to mention one, and that perhaps the finest, moment in its history. On October 3, 1872, the actress Duse (aged just 14) made her first notable appearance



Eleonora Duse

there, in no less apt a role than Juliet. The flowers which she carried, and which helped her acting, were a personal tribute to Verona bought with her own meagre pocket-money. The occasion and performance were immortalised by d'Annunzio, in his novel 'Il Fuoco.'

Willow the King

NOW let us talk of cricket. The M.C.C. has just issued its annual report, which begins with the sombre announcement that 135 members have died during the year under review. Selected for special mention (among others) is the name of Captain C. B. Fry (elected in 1900), whose brilliant career at Repton was followed by his becoming a Triple Association at Oxford at cricket, Association football and athletics. In addition,

he held for years the world record for the long jump and played in the final of the F.A. Cup.

"To those of us who are sufferers at sport there is a tendency to look upon athletic achievement as an ambition for those who do not realise that life is real and life is earnest. Yet the battlefields of cricket, rugby and soccer have supplied the leaders for those sterner battlefields where there is no umpire to blow the whistle.

Among the M.C.C.'s obituary list is the name of Sir Home Gordon, Bt., who had the unique distinction of having attended every Test match played at Lords, where he was a familiar figure for over 50 years.

As statistics are never dull, I must inform you that the club consists of 7,845 members, including 30 honorary life members and 298 life members. The number who paid the "abroad list" subscription was 332.

Now, as Stanley Holloway would say, let battle commence.

People and Words

"International Communism is much more dangerous than the hydrogen bomb. The bomb destroys life, but international Communism destroys the soul."

—MR. MOHAMMED ALI, Pakistani Ambassador to the United States.

"The British people always prefer a Government which comes to a decision—even a wrong one—to a Government which drifts along aimlessly, unable to make up its mind."

—MR. R. H. S. CROSSMAN, M.P.

"To be worker, mother and student successfully is beyond housewife and all too often it is the role of mother that is the first to be abandoned or delegated."

—MR. J. E. JENKINS, President of the National Association of Schoolmasters.

"In the long run, men who never do more than they're paid for never get paid for more than they do."

—MR. HALFORD REDBISH.

"There has never been a woman chess champion. With her instinctive tuition, a woman knows that chess is a frivolous waste of time which keeps men from paying due attention to her charm."

—SIR CLARENCE SADD.